MARVEL COMICS

MARVEL TEAM-UP Starring: NAMOR THE SUB-MARINER and THE THING

JUN
#10

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CLANCY'S IS A JOINT OFF A' YANCY STREET THAT ME AN' THE BOYS USED TA VISIT WHEN THE UNEMPLOYMENT CHECKS CLEARED.

THAT WAS BEFORE THE FACTORY OPENED.

TODAY'S OUR FIRST REAL PAYDAY, AND I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE CLANCY'S FILLED WITH SO MANY SMILIN' FACES.

AN' IN MY WILDEST DREAMS, I NEVER THOUGHT I'D WIND UP SITTIN' NEXT TO A REAL, HONEST-TO-GOD CELEBRITY...

HERE'S T' THE OLD NEIGHBORHOOD, BOYS!

MR. THING? NAME'S EMMETT. I GOTTA TELL YA, TODAY'S ABOUT THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE.

YOU ALL DONE BASHFUL BENJY PROUD!

I GOT A KID ON THE WAY, AN' I JUST...

HECK, CAN I BUY YOU A DRINK?

ONLY IF YA CALL ME BEN.

"MR. THING'S" WHAT I CALL MY--

BARKEEP! CALL 911! IT'S AN EMERGENCY!

MARVEL TEAM-UP® Vol. 1, No. 10, June, 1998. Published by MARVEL COMICS. Joseph Calamari, President. Stan Lee, Publisher. Shirrel Rhoades, Executive VP, Publishing. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. **Application to mail Periodicals Postage Rates is pending at New York, NY and at additional mailing offices.** Published monthly. Copyright © 1998 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. Price $1.99 per copy in the U.S. and $2.80 in Canada. Subscription rate for 12 issues: U.S. $23.88; foreign $35.88; and Canadian subscribers must add $10.00 for postage and GST. GST #R127032852. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. MARVEL TEAM-UP (including all prominent characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof) is a trademark of MARVEL CHARACTERS, INC. **POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO MARVEL TEAM-UP c/o MARVEL DIRECT MARKETING CORP./SUBSCRIPTION DEPT. P.O. BOX 1979 DANBURY, CT. 06813-1979. TELEPHONE # (203) 743-5331. FAX # (203) 744-1944. Printed in the U.S.A.**

HURRY UP, MAN--OR WE'LL *BOTH* BE OUTTA WORK!

SETTLE DOWN, POINDEXTER.

MIND TELLIN' OL' BLUE EYES WHAT ALL THE YAPPIN'S ABOUT?

TH-THE *THING*?!

HOMMINA-HOMMINA...

OUT--OUTSIDE!

WELL WHY DIDN'TCHA JUST SAY SO?

WHAT'S THE PROBLEM? GUY MADE IT SOUND LIKE THE *SKY* WAS FALLIN'--

--EEP!

BLAMED SMOKESTACK'S GONNA FLATTEN MY FAVORITE WATERIN' HOLE AN' EVERYONE INSIDE--

--UNLESS I MAKE LIKE *ROCKY THE FLYIN' SQUIRREL!*

--I GET THE MESSAGE!

BUT SEEIN' AS HOW SMOKESTACKS DON'T TEND TA FALL ON THEIR OWN THIS FAR SOUTH A' MIDTOWN--

--I'D BET MY AUNT PETUNIA'S PANTIES THAT IT GOT A LITTLE HELP...

WHMMMF!

IF THIS IS SOME LAME PUBLIC SERVICE STUNT ABOUT THE DANGERS OF *SMOKING*--

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

THE SUB-MARINER AND THE THING!

AS OBSERVANT AS EVER, YOU LUMBERING MONSTROSITY!

CARE TO WAGER THE REST OF YOUR FAMILY'S UNDERGARMENTS AS TO THE IDENTITY OF THAT "HELP"?

HOLY MACKEREL! IT'S THE SUB-MAREENER!

TOM PETER-plot
GLENN HERDLING-script
PAT OLLIFFE-pencils
AL WILLIAMSON-inks

KEN LOPEZ-letterer
TOM SMITH-colors
GLENN GREENBERG-editor
BOB HARRAS-editor in chief

TWO IN ONE

THAT'S TWO FOR TWO, BEN GRIMM--

--BUT WHAT IS IT YOU SURFACE-DWELLERS ARE SO FOND OF SAYING?

KRAK

OH, YES-- STRIKE THREE, YOU'RE OUT!!

WHOULPS!

THUD

LEAVE IT TO A FISH-SMELLIN' FOREIGNER--

--TO SCREW UP A PERFECTLY GOOD BASEBALL METAPHOR!

WHAK

I DON'T GET IT, SUBBY! I THOUGHT YOU'D GIVEN UP PLAYIN' THE HEAVY.

BUT THESE THINGS WE'RE SWINGIN' AIN'T EXACTLY *PEACE PIPES!*

FAR FROM IT! THE FACTORY YOU PROTECT IS POLLUTING THE FRAGILE COLONY OF *NEW ATLANTIS*--

--AND THAT IS WHY IT MUST BE DESTROYED!

KRUNCH

OH, WHERE HAVE I HEARD THAT TWISTED BIT A' LOGIC BEFORE--

WHAM

"SOMEONE'S POLLUTED MY BELOVED KINGDOM, SO THE WHOLE BLAMED HUMAN RACE MUST PAY!"

Y'KNOW SOMETHIN', NAMOR--SEEMS LIKE EVERY STEP YOU TAKE FORWARD...

...YOU'RE ALWAYS TAKIN' TWO STEPS BACK!

THOOM

HAH! SUBBY USED TA GIVE BOTH ME AND MY TEAMMATES A RUN FOR THE MONEY...

UMM, MR. THING?

BEN?

THOSE SMOKESTACKS ARE HOLLOW. NAMOR'S GETTIN' AWAY!

DON'T RAIN ON MY PARADE, EMMET.

OH, SWELL. NEW YORK'S FINEST ARE GONNA BE WANTIN' A STATEMENT FROM NEW YORK'S CUTEST...

MR. GRIMM?! I HAVE CAPTAIN AMERICA ON THE LINE FOR YOU.

THAT'S THE LONG END OF IT, OFFICER. I DON'T KNOW WHY NAMOR WAS ACTIN' SO SCREWY...

A PORTABLE VID-PHONE? YOU GUYS ON DICK TRACY'S PAYROLL?

THE MAYOR'S.

HELLO, BEN. JUDGING FROM YOUR CURRENT PREDICAMENT, I THOUGHT IT BEST TO BRIEF YOU ON THE NAMOR SITUATION.

THAT WOULD BE NICE.

"WHEN WE ALL RETURNED FROM OUR EXTRADIMENSIONAL MAKEOVER, IT SEEMS THAT NAMOR WASN'T PUT BACK TOGETHER QUITE RIGHT.

"DIMLY REMEMBERING HIS FREQUENT RAMPAGES, HE JOINED THE WRECKING CREW IN TEARING UP WALL STREET.

"DOCTOR STRANGE GAVE HIM SOME SORT OF AMULET THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO REGULATE HIS MOOD SWINGS--

"--WHICH NAMOR QUICKLY DISCARDED WHEN I INFORMED HIM THAT HIS UNDER-SEA KINGDOM HAD FALLEN TO A BAND OF REBELS.

"UNABLE TO BREATHE IN HIS NATIVE ATMOSPHERE, I OUTFITTED THE SUB-MARINER WITH A SPECIAL WETSUIT--

"--AND THE TWO OF US OVERTHREW THE ILLEGITIMATE NEW GOVERNMENT OF NEW ATLANTIS.

"NAMOR THEN DISCOVERED THAT THE ATLANTEAN REBELS HAD FORGED A PARTNERSHIP WITH BUSINESS INTERESTS ON THE SURFACE.

"AGAINST MY EXPRESS WISHES TO LET THE MATTER BE SETTLED BY INTERNATIONAL LAW, NAMOR SWORE VENGEANCE AGAINST THESE CORPORATE INTERESTS."*

* GIVE CAP A STAR AND AN "A" FOR HIS RECAP OF THE LAST FEW ISSUES. --GG

NAMOR'S PEOPLE HAD BELIEVED THEY WERE ACTING IN THEIR ABSENT MONARCH'S BEST INTEREST--

--CONSIDERING NAMOR'S BUSINESS VENTURES PRIOR TO HIS DISAPPEARANCE.

AN' NOW SUBBY'S OUT TO SET AN EXAMPLE.

SWELL.

KRASH

'SCUSE ME, CAP'N. SOMETHIN' FISHY'S GOIN' ON INSIDE THE CHEMICAL FACTORY.

SHEESH! JUST WHEN SUBBY WAS GETTIN' TA WHERE HE'D LISSEN T'REASON!

YOO-HOO! ANYBODY HOME?!

OLLIE-OLLIE OXEN FREE!

HMPH. BLUE-GREEN ALGAE HOOSI-WHATSIS.

MAKES STRETCHO'S EXPERIMENTS DOWN-RIGHT *ATTRACTIVE*.

AN' THOSE *PLANTS* MAKE SUZIE'S *CUCUMBER CASSEROLE* LOOK ALMOST *EDIBLE*.

STILL NO SIGN A' BIRDFOOT...

WAIT! UP AHEAD IN THE DISTANCE--

--A SHIMMERING LIGHT!

GGLUB!!

S-SOME KINDA' *CHEMICAL GUNK*-- SP-SPILLIN' ALL OVER ME!

S-STARTIN' T'*HARDEN*... AN' IT'S *C-COLDER* 'N MY UNDEFROSTED ICEBOX!

...

MEANWHILE, SEVERAL STORIES ABOVE...

...IN THE SPACIOUS OFFICE OF ROLAND R. TILTON, CHAIRMAN AND CEO OF TILTON ENTERPRISES...

MR. TILTON, SIR--WE'VE GOT TO GET YOU OUT OF HERE...

...BEFORE THE SUB-MARINER FEEDS YOU TO HIS PET SHARKS!

DON'T YOU GET IT?! I CAN'T LEAVE!!

I'M LEVERAGED UP THE WAZOO--

--THOSE BLUE-SKINNED WELSHERS NEVER PAID ME ONE SAND DOLLAR TOWARD THIS ENDEAVOR!

I'VE GOT UNIONS AND ENVIRONMENTAL AGENCIES CRAWLING UP MY NOSE ABOUT THIS REGULATION AND THAT!

SIR--

LET GO OF ME! RUNNING AWAY CAN'T STOP THE SUB-MARINER...!

KRRASH

NO, BUT WE CAN!

THE WRECKING CREW'S GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH THAT FLOUNDER

WE'D BE HAPPY TO GET RID OF HIM-- AND ANY EVIDENCE...

...IF THE PRICE IS RIGHT!

YOU MEAN THIS ISN'T A FIRE DRILL?

D'OH! I LEFT THE PARTICLE SCRUBBER DOOHICKEYS RUNNING.

YOU WHAT?!

IF THOSE THINGS REACH CRITICAL MASS, THIS WHOLE BLOCK WILL BLOW SKY HIGH!

STOP RIGHT THERE! YOU CAN'T--!

THIS IS MORE LIKE IT!

I WAS BEGINNIN' TA FEEL AS HELPLESS AS I DID WHEN I WAS ON WELFARE

I AM SORRY, OLD FRIEND.

THIS CHEMICAL IS A DERIVATIVE OF A NATURALLY OCCURRING SUBSTANCE WHICH EXISTS IN THE *HJORT TRENCH* NEAR THE *ANTARCTIC CIRCLE.*

I NEVER WANTED TO HURT ANYONE-- ESPECIALLY YOU.

BUT THE *RAGE* THAT BURNS WITHIN ME--

--IT IS A *FIRE* WHICH IGNITES THE VERY *DEPTHS* OF MY *SOUL.*

THEN MAYBE *THIS'LL* COOL YOU OFF!

KRA-KOW

I SHOULD KNOW BY NOW NEVER TO TURN MY BACK ON YOU, BEN GRIMM.

WHUNK

Y'MEAN LIKE YOU WANT THE OWNER OF THIS *FACTORY* TA TURN HIS BACK ON ALL HIS *WORKERS*?

DO YOU TRULY BELIEVE THE MOTIVES OF THAT MAN TO BE PURELY ALTRUISTIC?

IF SO, THEN YOU HAVE DELUDED YOURSELF IN THE COMPANY OF THE RICH AND FAMOUS FOR FAR TOO LONG!

YOU HAVE LOST SIGHT OF THE *EVIL* THAT CAN BE WROUGHT BY CONDUCTING "BUSINESS AS USUAL!"

THONG

YOU SHOULD KNOW, PAL!

KROOM

KRASH

ENOUGH BANAL CHATTER!

IT IS TIME FOR MY APPOINTMENT WITH MR. TILTON.

THE ONLY TIME IT IS, SPOCK-EARS--

--IS CLOBBERIN' TIME!

IMPERIUS REX!

HAH! A FULL CLOBBERIN' BEATS AN IMPERILS ANY DAY!

WHOOM

I GROW WEARY OF THIS SENSELESS BATTLE.

TETRODOTOXIN

I AM SORRY THAT I MUST RESORT TO SUCH FURTIVE TACTICS--

--BUT YOU HAVE FORCED MY HAND!

PSSHHH

WHAT THE--?!

HEY! I CAN'T FEEL MY LEGS!

IT IS A GASEOUS COMPOUND OF THE TOXIN FOUND IN THE PUFFER FISH.

THESE ARE THE PRODUCTS YOUR "ALTRUISTIC" BUSINESSMAN" SEEKS TO DEVELOP.

WHAT'S THIS? THOUGH YOU ARE CRIPPLED, STILL YOU CRAWL LIKE A PRAWN TO OPPOSE ME?

PERHAPS THE AVENGING SON SHOULD LISTEN TO YOUR WORDS-- TO PREVENT YOU FROM FURTHER INJURY...

WHY LOOKEE HERE! IT'S OUR OLD PAL, THE SUB-MARINER!

THANKS FER PUTTIN' THE KIBBOSH ON GRIMM FER US, PARTNER!

THUA-BOOM

OUR PREVIOUS ALLIANCE WAS AN UNFORTUNATE *ACCIDENT*, WRECKER.

THE WRECKIN' CREW! WHAT TH' HECK ARE *YOU* DOIN' HERE?!

QUITE SIMPLE, YOU LUMBERING BUFFOON--

--WE *WORK* HERE!

DON'T KNOW IF IT'S ME--

--FEELS LIKE THE WHOLE PLACE IS SHAKIN' UNDER MY BOOTS!

THE PARTICLE SCRUBBER SAFETY VALVE IS HOT TO THE TOUCH.

I DON'T LET THAT STOP ME.

SO WHY'S THE FLOOR STILL...

KRAKK

OOPH!!

EMMETT?!

WHO INVITED YOU TO THIS CORPORATE SHIND.G?

GREAT. I DON'T THINK THIS IS WHAT THEY HAD IN MIND--

--WHEN THEY TOLD US THE FACTORY WOULD DEMAND SACRIFICE.

HEY, GRIMM--

BWAM!

--AIN'T THIS WHATCHA CALL A SUNDAY PUNCH?!

KRASHK

UNGGH!!

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF YOUR RESPECTABLE BUSINESSMAN NOW, BEN GRUMM?

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT. YOU DON'T HAVE TA RUB MY NOSE IN IT

YOU WANNA KNOW WHAT I THINK??

WH-WHERE ARE YOU GOING? YOUR LEGS--!

I'M GONNA SHOW THAT CRUMB EXACTLY WHAT I THINK!

I-IT'S ALL COMING APART AT THE SEAMS!

BA-WHAM

I'LL TELL YA WHAT ELSE IS COMIN' APART, TILTON--

WHA--!!

--YOUR HEAD FROM YOUR PENCIL-NECK!

CALL OFF THE WRECKIN' CREW, TILTON--

--OR I'LL MAKE GOOD ON MY WORD.

I--I CAN'T!

TH-THEY'VE ASSUMED CONTROL OF THIS OPERATION. I'M NOTHING TO THEM!

NOW YOU KNOW HOW THOSE FACTORY WORKERS FEEL WHEN YOU PLAY RUSSIAN ROULETTE WITH THEIR LIVES.

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D AGREE WITH THE WRECKER AN' HIS BOYS--

--BUT YOU'RE A BIG NOTHING IN MY BOOK, TOO!

GUESS WHO'S BACK?!

HEY, NAMOR-- WANNA HELP THIS CHUMP GET DOWNSIZED..?!

?!

I HAVE ALWAYS FROWNED UPON THE USE OF CORPORATE JARGON.

ARE YOU UNHURT, HUMAN?

'CEPT FOR MY SELF-ESTEEM, YEAH.

THE FACTORY'S RUINED! HOW AM I GONNA SUPPORT MY FAMILY NOW?!

I--AM SORRY.

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN MY OWN CORPORATION WOULD PUT UP THE FUNDS TO BUILD A NEW FACTORY.

BUT THOSE DAYS ARE OVER.

SLAM

WELCOME BACK, SUBBY!

I LEFT A SMALL PIECE O' *WRECKING* CAKE FOR YOU!

THIS HAS GONE ON LONG ENOUGH, BEN GRIMM.

NOW THAT YOUR LEGS ARE WORKING AGAIN, I SUGGEST YOU *LEAVE*.

MOO-BOY! YA DON'T HAVE TA TELL *ME* TWICE!

THE NERVE GAS IN THIS CONTAINER SHOULD SUFFICE TO IMMOBILIZE EVEN THE ASGARDIAN MIGHT OF THE *WRECKING CREW*--

PSSHHH

BWA-BOOM

FROM THE DOCKS OUTSIDE, THE WHOLE THING SEEMS LIKE SOMETHIN' OUT OF A NIGHTMARE.

DON'T WORRY, EMMETT. REED RICHARDS IS PUTTIN' UP A WHOLE NEW HEADQUARTERS ON PIER FOUR.

MAYBE YOU AN' YER PALS CAN WORK FOR HIM FOR A WHILE.

TH-THANKS, BEN. BUT WE DON'T WANT NO CHARITY.

JUST HONEST WORK.

THE COPS CARRY OUT THE BODIES OF THE PARALYZED WRECKING CREW.

ONLY TILTON AND THE WRECKER HIMSELF MANAGED TO ESCAPE.

BUT I CAN TAKE SOME COMFORT IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT NO MATTER WHERE HE GOES--

--TILTON'S GREED WILL ALWAYS CATCH UP TO HIM...

KRAK

HOWDY, ROLLIE!

NOT CELEBRATIN' WITHOUT ME, ARE YOU?

WE'VE GOT THINGS TO DO, ROLLIE, M'BOY!

BUT I SUPPOSE A TOAST IS IN ORDER.

TO THE DEATH OF THE SUB-MARINER-- AND ALL HE HOLDS DEAR!

NEXT:

NAMOR and IRON MAN!